

# HESPER

—BY—  
HAMLIN GARLAND

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(Continued from yesterday.)

Kelly's eyes began to twinkle. "I begin to draw me breath again. For weeks I've been wanting to put the first beneath the noses of these rapscallions, but for fear of Ann and Nora I could not."

"Very well, we'll send out a call for a meeting tonight. The quicker we move the better. I feel as you do—now we are acting a man's part. There is a big element here that is sick of this monkey business. Half the camp will rally in our support. I know it. Then we will serve notice on Munro!" The sound of hurrying feet interrupted him, and a moment later Louis burst into the room.

"Oh, Rob, I'm glad you're here. Hello, Matt!" His glad hands, breathing heavily. "You ought to be up town. Jack is making 'em sit up. He shot one man. They were building a fort, and a drunken fellow."

"Take your time," said Raymond coldly. "There are several minutes left in the box. You might begin at the beginning and tell me why you sneaked away again without saying goodby to Ann?"

The boy was not daunted. "As soon as I heard what the sheriff's plans were I wanted to leave, but it was so dark; that was last night. I was afraid to try it, so this morning I pulled out early."

"Where have you been all day?"

"I've been with Jack. I met his men way down the canyon, and they took me to headquarters, where I told my story, and then I went to supper with Jack; and then this big row came on, and I stayed to see that. Oh, but Jack is fine! He faced the whole crowd alone. One man wanted to clean out your cabin. He said it was a nest of traitors. He drew his gun on Jack, but he hadn't time to pull the trigger. Jack's bullet went through his arm."

Raymond, who had been studying the lad with softening glance, interrupted him: "Now, see here, Louis, you sit down here by the fire. Don't let your words all try to get out of the corral at the same time. We want to know all about it, but we don't want you to hurry. It's only 10 o'clock, and you can get over a whole lot of ground by midnight."

The two men looked at each other with grave eyes. The boy was trembling with excitement, and his voice was high and strained.

Kelly said gently: "My lad, 'twould serve your sister better if you kept out of this. I don't like to see you riding between the lines as a spy."

"I didn't intend to be a spy, but when I heard the trick they were going to play I couldn't help hurrying back."

"What trick?"

"Why, they're going to load all their men into freight cars and make them keep quiet, and then they're going to run them through Jack's guard at Boggy clear to the end of the rails."

"That's a very nice plan," said Raymond. "When do they intend to come?"

"Tomorrow night if the guns arrive for which they are waiting."

"How did you drop on to this?"

"I heard Cousin Don tell Dr. Braide. He wanted Dr. Braide to follow next day in case of accidents."

"You've told this to Jack?"

"Yes, I wanted to come and see you, Matt, but he said I could tell you afterward."

Raymond again looked at his partner. "Well, I don't see that there is anything for us to do now."

"Jack told me to tell you to be on your guard tonight. He said he'd come down and see you if possible. Oh, I feel so cold," he ended, drawing nearer the fire. "I'm all trembly over my chest."

"I reckon you better strip off your clothes and go to bed. This has been a hard day for you."

He seemed stiff, and was shivering convulsively. "I believe I will, Rob. I don't feel any good."

As Raymond helped him to undress the boy's teeth began to chatter, and he drew his breath with a hissing moan. "I guess I've taken an awful cold, Rob. My breast aches so."

"Matt, go ask Nora to come over and bring her little medicine case. This Rob's got a chill right now."

"A swallow of whisky will fix that," answered Matt as he went out. "I'll be back in a jiffy."

Raymond bundled Louis into bed and heaped him with blankets and furs, his heart deeply stirred with anxiety, for as the boy's mind turned from the excitement of his day's experiences to his condition he became deeply depressed. He fairly collapsed.

Mrs. Kelly, with her "emergency case" of medicine and a knowledge of sickness gained in years of maternal care in the rough country, was a great comfort to Raymond, but she could not keep down his growing anxiety. The boy's body was so small and frail when stripped of its clothing! Under their vigorous ministrations the sufferer ceased to shake and at last fell into a hot, uneasy doze.

Raymond, seeing this, whispered: "You must go home, I will watch."

"No, Rob, you must sleep. I forgot you had no sleep last night."

"Oh, yes, I did. I took a nap at Barnett's. Please go to bed."

over his temperature and pulse than with the bawling crowds, the invading force or the fate of his mine. When Munro knocked on his door he went out upon the threshold and repeated the failure of his mission, while the captain of the vedettes listened with his horse's rein across his arm. At the end he merely said: "All right. Let them come; they will find us ready. Did the kid turn up all right?"

"He turned up, but he has taken a chill and is burning with fever."

Munro seemed concerned. "He had nothing on but that little gray jacket. I tried to warn him up with some whisky and a supper. I hope he won't be laid up. Well, now, old man, what are you going to do—help us or the dukes?"

"I can't decide anything tonight. I'm worried about this boy. If he is better in the morning I'll have something to say to you."

"All right, take your time, only don't take too long. It's up to you to decide. Good night. Keep me posted on the boy's condition."

A half hour later Jim Dolan and two of his fellow reporters tumbled in, eager to know what Raymond had seen in the valley.

To them he said: "Boys, I haven't a word to say. I'm sorry I can't offer you a bed, for Louis, my boy friend, is very sick. Dolan, I wish you would send up the best doctor in Boggy. Tell him there's money in it if he comes tonight."

To Matt, Raymond turned. "Go on with your meeting without me. I can do nothing till this boy dodges this fever." And Kelly went away, reluctantly, to meet with the leaders of the neutral party, robbed of half his resolution, for he, too, loved the sick lad.

At 12 o'clock, when some of the men were passing, Raymond went out and called Baker and said in the tone of one who had at last decided on a plan of action, "I want you to carry a message to Boggy and see that it gets there."

And Baker, having a long training as cowboy behind him, accepted his order like a soldier.

The telegram was addressed to the sheriff and read:

They're on to your box car game. Look out! A PEACE LOVER.

At 1 o'clock Kelly returned with lowering brow. "I wish you'd been there, lad. They're afraid of Munro and voted me down. We are to do nothing."

Raymond, submerged in the rising flood of his anxiety, looked at his partner dully. "Well, perhaps it's better so, Matt. I gave my word to Ann that I would care for this boy as if he were my brother, and I'm going to do it, regardless of every other consideration. If he grows worse I shall send for Ann, and then I will have double reason to keep out of the movement."

Toward daylight Raymond called Kelly. "Send a message to Ann. Louis is a mighty sick boy and needs her care."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE morning paper, which the maid brought to Ann while she still drowsed in her bed, contained the news of Louis's arrival at Raymond's cabin and his collapse.

"All the early part of the night," the reporter went on to say, "hundreds of clamorous men marched from mine to mine, calling upon the gangs to lay down their tools. Only two firms remained unimpressed—Reese Bros. and Kelly & Raymond. In the midst of all this turmoil," said the reporter, "Raymond, one of the men most concerned, was standing guard over a sick boy and would not leave his side for a moment." Ann glowed with a sense of

lapse.

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Is a powerful, invigorating tonic, imparting health and strength in particular to the organs distinctly feminine. The local womanly health is so intimately related to the general health that when diseases of the delicate womanly organs are cured the whole body gains in health and strength. For weak and sickly women who are "run-down," "run-down," or debilitated, especially for women who work in store, office or schoolroom, sit at the typewriter or sewing machine, or bear heavy household burdens, and for nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proven a priceless benefit because of its health-restoring and strength-giving powers.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve tonic, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea, or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womanly organs. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Cures obstinate cases. "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of "female weakness," painful periods, irregularities, prolapsus or falling of the pelvic organs, weak back, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration.

Dr. Pierce's medicines are made from harmless but efficient medical roots found growing in our American forests. The Indians knew of the marvelous curative value of some of these roots and imparted that knowledge to some of the frontier whites, and gradually some of the more progressive physicians came to test and use them, and ever since they have grown in favor for reason of their superior curative virtues and their safe and harmless qualities.

Your druggists sell the "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" and also that famous alternative, blood purifier and stomach tonic, the "Golden Medical Discovery." Write to Dr. Pierce at your case. He is an experienced physician and will treat your case as confidential and without charge for correspondence. Address him at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., of which he is chief consulting physician.

deep obligation to that watcher.

Mrs. Barnett knocked on her door and called, "Have you seen the papers, Ann Marie?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going up there."

Mrs. Barnett entered. "How can you go, with that mob in possession? You must not go! It isn't safe for you, and I will not consent to have Don go again. Who will protect you?"

"Ann, I am going with wrath. 'Have you no law out here that will protect a girl who goes to nurse her sick brother? I have nothing to do with your idle words. I am going up there as a citizen of New York, not as a partisan of any side in this struggle. I shall not leave that boy there to suffer alone.'

"I can't find Don," said Mrs. Barnett. "He must have gone downtown. Some one has just phoned a message from Bob. He says Louis has taken a chill."

"I suppose you feel that you owe your country something?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum thoughtfully. "But that kind of a debt gets outlawed very soon!"—Washington Star.

Cured Consumption.

Mrs. B. W. Evans, Clearwater, Kan., writes, My husband lay sick for three months. The doctors said he had quick consumption. We procured a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup, and it cured him. That was six years ago and since then we have always kept a bottle in the house. We cannot do without it. For coughs and colds it has no equal. 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Alvey & List.

Anyhow, it is real generous of the first young lady of the land to agree to share her popularity and prestige with a forlorn old bachelor.

The Best Cough Syrup.

S. L. Apple, ex-Probate Judge, Ottawa, Co. Kansas, writes: "This is to say that I have used Ballard's Horehound Syrup for years, and that I do not hesitate to recommend it as the best cough syrup I have ever used." 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Alvey & List.

"Can we reach him by telegraph?" asked Ann.

"The operator says there is no direct connection with Skytown, but that the wire from Boggy to the south is uncut. We can try."

"Tell Don to wire Mr. Raymond that I am coming at once, and that I will bring Dr. Braide if possible," answered Ann, alert and self-contained.

She rang Dr. Braide's telephone a few moments later and called firmly. "Dr. Braide, I want you to go with me to Skytown."

His cool, indifferent voice cut her short. "Who is it, please?"

"It is Ann Rupert."

"Ah!" His voice changed—became swift, eager. "Certainly, certainly, Miss Rupert. I understand. I saw the note about your brother. It will be a privilege. I will run over at once and discuss the best plan for getting there."

Ann was eating her breakfast when the bell rang, and the maid at her order brought the doctor into the dining room.

"I am asking a great deal of you, doctor. I will gladly recompense you for any loss of patients," said Ann.

"Please don't trouble about my patients. It is a pleasure for me to serve you. I beg you not to bring it down to so mercenary a plane."

"That's very kind of you, but I must insist on making it a matter of professional service," replied Ann. For he, too, was a suitor, and she liked him, but at this moment she wanted his skill—his training as a physician, not his adoration. This he had insight enough to perceive.

"We can go by the Southern railway and drive from Sage Flat, or we can go over the stage road. In either case we must meet and pass Munro's guard. According to all accounts, he has a complete circle."

(To be Continued.)

## MURDER TRIAL

HAS BEGUN AT MAYFIELD—WALTER MCCLAIN ON TRIAL.

Alleged Horse Thief in Jail at Mayfield is Playing Crazy—The New Railroad.

Mayfield, Ky., Mar. 9.—The Walter McClain murder case is on trial here. A motion for a continuance was made and overruled by Judge Bug. The defendant is charged with killing John Carter and Berthol McClain at Lynnville last year. It will require several days to finish the case as there are nearly 100 witnesses summoned.

J. B. Holden, who is in jail awaiting his trial on the charge of horse stealing, has been doing many peculiar stunts in jail recently, one of his latest being to saturate his pants with coal oil and set fire to them. He had presence of mind, however, to see that the pants were out of reach of danger to him before he applied the match.

His efforts to make it appear that his senses have become affected are not taken seriously by the jail officers. Holden is charged with stealing a mule from Mr. Feezor, of Symsonia.

It is alleged that he has served two terms already in the state prison and the third conviction would mean a life sentence.

Th corps of surveyors for the new proposed L. & N. railroad which began at Tobacco, four miles south of Murray last week will probably reach here today. They have passed through Farmington and the survey touches the southwest corner of that place. It is not known exactly at what point this survey will enter Mayfield from that direction.

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Herbina is a boon for sufferers from anemia. By its use the blood is quickly regenerated and the color becomes normal. The drooping strength is revived. The languor is diminished. Health, vigor and tone predominate. New life and happy activity results. Mrs. Belle H. Shriel, Middlesborough, Ill., writes, I have been troubled with liver complaint and poor blood, and have found nothing to benefit me like Herbina. I hope never to be without it. I have wished that I had known of it in my husband's life time." 50c. Sold by Alvey & List.

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## SEEKING FOR HER RESCUER

Woman Who Was Saved From Drowning Wants to Reward Hero.

This little story is aimed directly at one F. Augustus, and if he happens to be in the land of the living it will be much to his interest to step forward and let it be known. A wealthy woman is looking for him and refuses to be comforted until she has found him. She is Mrs. Dorothy Reutler, and she lives in an old mansion that stands out on the point in the sound just east of Unionport, Westchester county, N. Y.

There was a time about ten years ago when Mrs. Reutler had to live very modestly indeed, for she was the sole support of her seven children after the death of her husband. Mrs. Reutler took her brood to the beach for an outing one summer day.

Some of the children remained on shore while Mrs. Reutler took two of them in a small boat for an hour's fishing in the sound. One of those with her was the boy baby of the flock and the other her son Frederick, now a young man of twenty-one years. A fine yacht was at anchor not far away and they pulled the boat over toward it. In some way the rowboat was capsized, and in an instant Mrs. Reutler and her two children were in imminent peril of their lives.

The elder of the two boys was a good swimmer, and as the boat turned turtle he caught his baby brother by the clothing and held him as they fell in the water. He bravely kept his little charge from sinking until a line was thrown from the yacht, and the two boys were hauled aboard in safety.

It was there that the mysterious F. Augustus made his first appearance so far as Mrs. Reutler was concerned. As the boat capsized she seized hold of the gunwale and clung to it while she cried frantically for some one to come to the rescue of her two boys. She saw them hauled to safety in a few seconds, but by that time she herself was almost exhausted and ready to sink.

Just then a lone boatman came along as fast as he could pull the oars. It was F. Augustus. He approached as close as he could to the upturned boat and extended an oar to Mrs. Reutler, telling her to get hold of it and he would save her. But at that moment the exhausted woman fainted, and her hold on the capsized boat was lost. Augustus leaped overboard in a second and caught her before she could sink beneath the water.

With one arm free the timely rescuer began swimming toward the yacht. A line was cast out to him, and he was soon hauled aboard the yacht with his burden. As soon as Mrs. Reutler was restored to consciousness she thanked her rescuer profusely and offered him \$10. But the unknown Augustus declined to receive anything and modestly said he had done only what seemed to be his duty under the existing circumstances.

Mrs. Reutler was so insistent that her rescuer finally gave her a visiting card from a very wet case and then rowed away in his small boat. The card is the only clew Mrs. Reutler has to the identity of the man to whom she probably owes her life. About two



AUGUSTUS LEAPED OVERBOARD.

years ago she began a search for the young man. She had come into a considerable fortune and had made a competence herself from several small but fortunate investments, and she desired to reward properly the man who had rescued her from the sound.

But up to the present time the search has been in vain. Recently Mrs. Reutler has been prosecuting her search with renewed energy. She thought her New Year might be a happier one if she could send to her unidentified rescuer a gift such as she is able to make now that fortune is smiling on her.

"I remember his face well," said Mrs. Reutler, "and I hope he will think it worth while to come and see me."

Mr. Augustus will be sure to get a gracious welcome if he will only call at the old mansion that stands out on Castle hill in the sound.

"I am sorry," said the doctor, "but your little girl will not be able to speak for several days."

"Then it will be safe," said the anxious mother, "for me to invite the minister to tea, won't it?"—Judge.

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